

THE BELL



RINGER

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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1967

Stratford Turkey Spoils as Big Red Rolls

On Thanksgiving afternoon some 17,000 fans filled Dudley Stadium at Vanderbilt University to watch MBA defeat Stratford 20-0 winning the annual Clinic Bowl and the NIL Championship. This achievement was the realization of a dream that the MBA football team end a perfect season with a 10-0 record. The win also assured MBA's selection to the State Championship by all four major polls, including the Associated Press and the United Press International wire polls.

The fine passing by Co-Captain Tom Roady and the running by backs Mike Tidwell and Bill Husband insured the MBA victory. The final score does now show MBA's dominance of the game, in which the Big Red set three new Clinic Bowl records. MBA amassed a total of 532 yards, with 312 yards rushing and 120 yards passing. Both the total yardage and the rushing yardage set new Bowl records. MBA also broke the old record of 19 first downs by pounding the Spartan defense for 23 firsts.

Tom Roady completed 8 out of 14 passes for a total of 120 yards in the air. Bill Husband, the game's leading rusher, pierced the Stratford line for 134 yards in 19 carries. Fullback Mike Tidwell amassed 100 yards in 15 carries and caught three of Roady's passes for another 36 yards.

An outstanding offensive performance was also made by senior wing back Chris Riddell. Riddell's blocking was a key factor in the Clinic Bowl victory as it has been in the whole season. Chris also set up the second Big Red touchdown with a 15 yard jaunt to the two yard line. Quarterback Tom Roady's exceptional performance was honored by his selection as the Most Valuable Player in the game.

MBA's first score came late in the second quarter after a pass interception by Husband. On the first play, tight end Jeff Peeples caught a pass from Roady for a 34 yard gain. Four plays later Tom ran it over the goal line from three yards out. The second score came during the third quarter when Bill Husband bulled in from the two. This touchdown climaxed an 89 yard drive in 14 plays, which Tidwell and Husband led with several outstanding runs. The final score resulted from a run by Mike Tidwell culminating a 7 play drive from the Spartan 48 yard line.

Complementing the backfield's outstanding efforts was the exceptional job done by the Big Red's efficient offensive line and defensive squad. Before the game Coach Owen told the team, "We've got good backs but the game must be won up front." The boys on the front line came through for MBA, opening many gaping holes in the Spartan defense. Since these unsung heroes rarely see their names in print, we would like to cite the starting linemen by position: Split end Gordon Peerman, Tackle Jack Weil, guard Aaron Brown, center—everybody's all-star (EAS)—Sandy Hauray, guard Bill Glasgow, All-Metro tackle, Mike Denson, tight end Jeff Peeples.

The Big Red defense was truly great on Thanksgiving Day. Led by Hauray, Husband, Denson and Weil, the defense held Stratford to only 7 first downs and 162 yards total. Hauray contributed to 12 tackles followed by Husband with seven. The defensive secondary, composed of Roady, Riddell, and junior Barry Banker also gave an outstanding performance. Stratford coach Hershal Moore called the pass defense "great." "In fact," he said, "I would have to say it's the best high school defense I've seen."



Courtesy of Nashville Tennessean

Husband's finesse outflanks pursuing Spartans, to the delight of Clinic Bowl crowd.

Orators Speak Out

The MBA Forensic Club concluded what must be, by all standards, its most successful semester of debating and extra events with a very profitable trip to Knoxville Central High School for its Ahler Invitational tournament. The entire team contributed bringing home its second sweepstakes trophy of the year. The participants in extra events were David Salmon, first place in poetry interpretation; Norrelle Rose, first place in declamation; Parks Brittain, first place in prose interpretation. Meanwhile, the debaters swept their divisions to an unprecedented extent as Russ Rose and Steve Neff placed first and Bruce Crabtree and Ricky Levy second in negative debate; Henry Walker and Brett Kirkpatrick copped first in affirmative debate. Walker, Kirkpatrick, Levy, and Neff all re-

ceived individual speaking awards, while the second affirmative team of Deaver Collins and Billy Friat compiled a respectable 2-1 record.

Although the Knoxville meet marked the greatest Forensic Club victory, the Stevenson Tournament at Memphis' Prayser High School was close on its heels. David Salmon garnered four first-place awards in dramatics; Doug Small and Steve Neff went undefeated through three rounds of debate, compiling a 5-0 record in elimination debate.

Other notable forensic jaunts have included forays to Clarksville (September 30 and October 7; Ma-

(Continued on page 5)

Aronsons Serenade Student Body

On Saturday night, November 4, Joe and Penny Aronson, musical dramatists whose forte is international folksongs and political satire, performed at MBA. They presented programs of satire and humor, including some audience participation.

Joe Aronson is the "brains" of the operation and is fantastically versatile. He researches the songs and their backgrounds, writes the introductions and publicity, as well as original songs and additional verses to songs written by other writers. He designs and produces their brochures, posters, and stationery; he did the caricatures of Penny and himself for their posters as well as the caricatures for their satirical parody of the old "Schnitzelbank."

Penny Aronson, Joe's partner both on stage and off, is the comedienne of the team. This very funny lady was not always so. After majoring in French in high school and college, Penny studied Romance Languages in Brussels. In Europe, she became seriously interested in folksongs, and began to study guitar.

A high point of her European (Continued on page 5)

Chorus Raises Voice

Performing for the first time this year, the MBA chorus opened its 1967-68 season last month in front of the student body. Mr. Colson, considered the performance a success musically, and the boys on the campus unanimously agreed that in comparison with the past programs, the group sang better than ever before. The chorus presented an interesting variety of music, the repertoire including the popular classic, "What Now My Love," the Association's greatest record, "Never My Love," and the very difficult piece by Charles Bryan, "These Are The Times that Try Men's Souls," sung a capella. This is one of four songs composing a choral suite written by Mr. Bryan which the chorus has hopes of presenting in its entirety later this year.

Paul Worley and Kinny Cosner, while not regular members of the Chorus, made guest appearances (Continued on page 6)



Photo by J. Campbell

Sing sweet songs of celestial seraphim. MBA Chorus give command performance before assembly.

CORRECTION

The editorial staff of the *Bell Ringer* wishes to correct two errors in the article of last issue, "Squire Gets New Toys." The name of the new library, first of all, is to be the Patrick Wilson Library, instead of the Patrick Wilson Memorial Library. Also, the financial aid for the project came personally from Mrs. Justin Potter, not, as stated in the article, from the Potter Foundation. The *Bell Ringer* wishes to apologize for these errors and to reiterate its thanks to Mrs. Potter for her generous gift to MBA.



It is common knowledge that a seedpot of culture lies in the libraries. Books, magazines, and other such articles are literary matter whose every page is saturated with culture. In this respect, the library of Montgomery Bell Academy is doubly deep in culture. In addition to its many volumes, there is a listening station for phonograph records.

It was my pleasure to use this facility last week and since then, I've developed a different outlook on our library. There is a limited selection of long-playing albums for cultured listeners in the library itself, but to atone for this deficit, generous students have contributed portions of their own album collections, to the delight of station listeners. For example, I was contentedly listening to the selection on the *Antigone* play, when I was rudely awakened by the sounds of a more popular album, *Please Trim Your Nails, Baby*, recorded by Claude Badly.

The big problem concerning these avid listeners of the more cultural recordings is the need for a way to get their favorites on the turntable. On the whole, librarians are very slick. The evil eye can be felt upon your head when you know they are watching you. Whether it be here at MBA or at the Nashville Public Library, librarians have eyes in the backs of their heads. It is quite difficult to smuggle the more enjoyed recordings onto the turntable—however, it can be done! The most successful tactic is called the Tactic. One student requests a reference on one side of the room (preferably a remote corner), while the braver student smuggles in the hot album. The Tactic is also used when one wishes to get the album back out again. This method has acquired many a peaceful period of listening to the more inclined student; at least it keeps more of them awake.

At any rate, the library is a symbol of culture; to the adult it symbolizes culture—to the "young adult" (that's us), it symbolizes culture, too; but our culture, is certainly different in many strange aspects. Our library would not quite be the same place if it didn't have the listening station in that corner—otherwise known as the Kulture Korner.

The Grand Greek

THE BELL RINGER

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HENRY WALKER }
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Layout Editor: GUS KUHN

Publius Players Present:

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

One distinguishing characteristic of M.B.A.'s outstanding faculty is that its members are a likeable set of human beings, just like the rest of us. In order to emphasize this, the *Bell Ringer* here presents a picture of one of M.B.A.'s female pedagogues, who shall remain unnamed, and her husband at the breakfast table.

She: All right, Harry, let's hit this orange juice a lick first of all, then move right on down the line into the world of pancakes. Shades of Aunt Jemima. Right!
He: (timidly raising his hand): Honey, can I ask a question . . .

She: Well good for you, Harry; fire away. I've been carrying that ball all morning; now it's your turn. You know, that's the essence of the human condition, to ask questions: never mind if they never get answered. You're not alive unless you question. Shades of Job on the ash heap. Right! Go ahead, Harry, ask. I always like to get another idea on everything. That's what we're here for. Come on, go that extra mile!

He: Well, frankly, this food is awful and . . .

She: Touchdown! You've hit it, Harry. Shades of Edith Hamilton—"The essence of tragedy is the suffering of a great soul." And look at you already! Why, you've turned as green as the light at the end of Daisy Buchanan's dock (I just thought I'd throw that in for what it's worth). When you're content and happy, you're not at your best. You have to suffer tremendously! Why just look; it's the real you, Harry, gasping and choking and vomiting. Just look at you suffer!

He: I think the toast is a little black . . .

She: C'mon, Harry, sit up straight! Both feet in front of you! Let's move. You never get anywhere taking time out. I always like a man who pays attention. Right! Oh, what was that you were going to say?

He: Oh, nothing really. I . . .

She: Oh, Harry, you're getting more and more like Ismene every day. Just the ordinary type; afraid to rock the boat; just a Samneric. I want you to say what you want to say and have it out. If you killed your father and married your mother, I want to know about it. Where's your magnanimity, Harry?

He: Honey, I accidentally spilled my coffee, all over my pants . . .

She: What a paradox! Self-loathing and self-glorification! Man at his best and man at his worst; egotism and altruism; reconciliation to the gods! Magnitude! The irony of life! Right!

He: (wiping it off with handkerchief): Please don't worry. I'm getting it . . .

She: Oh, no you don't; you'll never wipe that stain off for the rest of your life: shades of Old Yellowstain. Don't just use the handkerchief: I'll give you about a thirty-three and a third on that. Go out and kiss the

crossroads, Harry. Right! Hurry up, move that ball two yards, three yards, five yards, ten yards, all the way down the field.

He: Well, I don't know . . .

She: Look, Harry, either be right or be wrong, but don't just sit there on the fence; I hate fence-sitters. Don't be so milk-toast about it. Well, okay, Harry, you about through now? Then put your dirty dishes in my box so I can wash them. If I make any mistake washing, you know what to do. Right!

He: Honey, this egg . . .

She: Symbolizes youth, maturity, innocence, productivity, nourishment! Good! Oh, Harry, that reminds me: Betty Crocker had a wonderful essay on this in her last book! I want you to read it, take notes, and hand those in to me Friday. You know, every book ultimately is about the human condition; every book is ultimately about the dualism of man. What really struck me about the book was the imagery: "Put in three cups of flour"—that famous line. Notice the mathematics imagery there, Harry; also the beautiful play on words. Why, you know, Harry, most people wouldn't even see that. But "Read with a purpose" is my motto. Right! Why Betty Crocker's *Cookbook* is no more about cooking than *Moby Dick* is about a whale.

He: I think I'll leave for work now . . .

She: There you go again, Harry, using those weak little sissy verbs again. Now Shakespeare would never use a verb like *leave*: He'd say *stalked* or *strutted*. Right! By the way, what do you think you're trying to do, exert your free will? Look how far you are on to do, exert your free will? I hate to meddle and I think the man should always be head of the household, but you're too full of hubris or hybris (either one is correct, right). Shades of Ahab on the quarterdeck! (a pause while she takes her breath.) Well, Harry, I'm quarterback of this team, but I always like to give someone else a chance to say something. I figure ten seconds a week ought to be enough. Well, here's your ten seconds for this week, Harry. I'm going to give you a chance to say something. Well?

He: (picking up hat and coat and muttering under breath): Uh, I . . . well . . .

She: That's what I've always liked about you, Harry. You're concise; terse; laconic (to use a word we had in our vocabulary, right); not a word too many. Just like Hemingway. Now, Harry, if you don't learn anything from me, I want you to learn that *all* good writing is concise. Oh, you should read Hemingway, every word he uses moves that ball right down the field, but there's not a word too many. Hemingway has always been one of my favorite authors. (Bell Rings). Well, Harry, you're excused. And peace be with you until we meet again. Right.

Letters to the editor:

Junior Achievement Protested

It has come to the attention of the editorial board of the *Bell Ringer* that so many of MBA's most revered institutions are being patronized without question as to whether or not they truly foster those ideals that they pretend to. The first case in point is that of the widely-acclaimed Junior Achievement movement. At this stage in the advancement of that system, we feel it is time to call a halt, to look at the movement with some intelligent perspective and hindsight, and to answer two very fundamental questions: first of all, does Junior Achievement truly direct our youth toward a greater understanding of America's economic system? Second, if so, is this knowledge actually an improvement or is it a detriment to the society that the business interest is intended to serve?

In response to our first inquiry, we will admit that the Junior Achievement program can, indeed, be a meaningful organization through its instilling in today's youth the desire for success and excellence. The Junior Achievers can learn the many facets of the American profit incentive and the many facets of the complicated American economic system. Through active sales-promotion, financing, management, etc., we see that Junior Achievement does teach the capitalistic system.

In response to our second test of the validity of Junior Achievement, we must admit that the program has yet a long way to go in instilling a sense of concern for others through the science of economics. Capitalism is by far the best system of economics, but there is more than one genre of capitalism. The type which Junior Achievement

most strongly encourages is the money-motivated laissez-faire. The concern for others in this laissez-faire system goes only as far as to say, "If my business is prosperous, then I have fulfilled all my obligation to my community." Unfortunately, this is not so.

The Junior Achievement movement needs to break away from such platitudes of business orthodoxy, and perhaps it needs to teach a little more of the techniques of the great economist John Maynard Keynes. Capitalism under the Keynesian philosophy is not based just on the incentive power of the dollar, but rather upon a concern for the well-being of all of society's members.

Junior Achievement professes to preach "enlightened self-interest;" yet self-interest is not necessarily enlightened.

Thus, in response to our two questions concerning the true worth of Junior Achievement, we find that, while the organization does teach capitalism, it teaches a capitalism that is not necessarily dedicated to the utilitarian good of society and that is not necessarily capable of anything except self-aggrandizement without regard for the good of others. However, if the students themselves remain open-minded to all opinions and use the knowledge that they get from Junior Achievement as valuable information to evaluate their own ideas on economics, then Junior Achievement will have achieved a very valuable purpose. The views expressed in this article do not necessarily reflect those of the *BELL RINGER* or of Montgomery Bell Academy.

College Profiles

Bowdoin College

By David Salmon

Bowdoin College, a small, independent liberal arts college for men in Brunswick, Maine, was founded in 1794. In his inaugural address, the first president declared that such institutions are "founded for the common good and not for the private advantage of those who resort to them. It is not that they may pass through life in an easy or reputable manner, but that their mental power may be cultivated and improved for the benefit of society." Today, over a century and a half later, the college still insists that this is its primary function.

Bowdoin is located in the town of Brunswick, Maine, on the banks of the Androscoggin River, a few miles from the shores of Casco Bay. The present campus, which was originally a sandy plain covered with blueberries and pines, is now a spacious tract of one hundred ten acres containing more than thirty buildings and playing fields. The college enrolls some nine hundred students in its liberal arts program, and has a high faculty-student ratio, approximately ten to one.

There are fifteen fraternities on campus whose memberships include over ninety-five per cent of the students.

One of the outstanding facilities of the college is its new senior center; opened in 1964, it provides living accommodations for the Senior Class, as well as an extended program emphasizing independent study and interdisciplinary seminars. Lectures, conferences, and discussions on graduate schools and careers are components of the informal program of the center, seeking to aid the student in deciding future endeavors.

The college offers an Army ROTC plan as well as cooperative engineering plans with California Institute of Technology and Columbia; and students have regularly transferred to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for their engineering training.

Admissions to the college are highly selective. Total cost for a year at Bowdoin amount to approximate \$3300, with numerous scholarships available.

BEST WISHES

FOR THE COMING YEAR TO:

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

ROBERT F. KENNEDY

EUGENE MCCARTHY

RICHARD M. NIXON

CHARLES PERCY

RONALD REAGAN

NELSON ROCKEFELLER

GEORGE ROMNEY

GEORGE WALLACE

Ho! Ho! Ho!

A Visit From St. Nick

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And up on the Hill,
Not a creature was stirring;
The classrooms were still.

The teachers were home,
All snug in their beds;
And these were the visions
That danced in their heads:

The venerable Doc,
In dreams so profound,
Thought of tangent and cosine
And of jokes to expound.

And good M. H. L.
(Sounds of jungle and all)
Thought of theme grades and lit. tests—
Right! she had a ball!

And not so far away
Slept old Jas. C.
Thinking up songs
For Elkin and he.

But poor J.P.
Could think of no treats:
He saw Joe and Penny
And two hundred empty seats.

And our amiable Squire
Was there in bed, too,
With thoughts of her building;
Would it ever be through?

And our friend Mrs. H.
(Parlez-vous francais?)
Thought of lab (Don't miss it.
So what do I care if it is
Christmas Day?)

Of the morning thought good Mrs. S.
And of her study hall:
"No talking, No talking."
Demerits for all.

And old F.N.,
Of fire drills dreamt he;
Of faithful Chief Pitts
And of smoking debris.

And Jolly Jim R.
Slept sound—snored to boot—
And all linemen know
That he dreamt of the chute.

And old H.C.'s dreams
Were glorious to see.
Of bowling balls, pions,
And Newton dreamed he.

But no one slept sounder
Than good coach T.O.
With championship football
His dreams were aglow.

And out on the lawn,
The moon made a glow
And illumined the trees
And green cannons below.

When out of the dark
With a pants move so quick,
Who should appear
But Jolly St. Nick!

And from his Red Racer
He withdrew his pack,
Which heavy with presents
Was placed on his back.

And carefully, silently,
Forward went he
To the door, not the chimney,
For he had a key.

But would the key work?
Yes—like a charm!
But with one little problem,
The burglar alarm.

But have not a fear;
This alarm ne'er disturbed
The sleep of the Belle Meade Patrol
In the car at the curb.

Into the building
He went like a flash.
His bag full of toys
He set down with a crash.

He turned to his pack
And full it was, too;
And these are the presents
He from it withdrew:

For Raunch and the Bun Man
Went footballs of course.
To Tommy Bernard
Went hay for his horse.

A. Brown got glasses
For all of his booze;
For Levy a gun
To collect Forensic Club dues.

Kuhn got a yearbook;
For Brittingham, soul;
Moats got a girdle
The satch-belly to hold.

For Lochte, a book,
And his favorite one, too:
A Thousand and One
Imitations to Do.

Big Frank's Christmas present
Was truly a treat.
A lifetime discount
At Schwartz's to eat.

A movie to show
At six bits a head
Was the Service Club's present;
No more need be said.

T. Rose got a mirror;
Some flashbulbs for Smead.
For Jolly St. Nick
Had gifts for each need.

And good ol' N. Burkhalter,
Better known as Don Juan,
Got a dozen gold rings
Girls' hands to put on.

To Small went erasers
For changing his grades.
And, for grubbing some points,
A dozen new spades.

Stevens' gift was not whole:
It was only four fifths;
When he opened this present,
He forgot about gifts.

And good fullback Melvin,
His gift was a comb,
Silently pilfered
From the man with the dome.

But Ben Byrd's present
Was the gift of the year:
An electric skin-giver,
Filling Markus with fear.

Closing his pack,
And turning around,
With a movement so quick,
He left with a bound.

Back through the door,
His bag under his arm,
Once again setting off
The burglar alarm.

To his Red Racer he ran,
But he soon lost his heart
For when he turned the ignition,
The thing wouldn't start.

With a wink of his eye,
And a nod of his head,
Out through the entrance
On his bicycle he sped.

And back to Mrs. Nick,
Who had spent Christmas night
With worry distraught,
On the annual's plight.

Thus went our Christmas,
On the Hill one time;
Now I guess that I'd better
Put an end to this rhyme.

from Harpeth Hall:



Fortunately, we haven't heard any reports as of yet about our identity being revealed. Of course, we had better warn you—if you think that this year's column is a bit sarcastic and revealing, next year should be even better—one of us will be writing it again!

Well, C.H., is it "cummings" around or are you "hopkins" from boy to boy? Better make up your mind! The victory party was really full of "spirits". Everyone was flying high in the sky—Oh, me, oh my. Just hold my hand and it won't hurt so bad—sound familiar H.C.? Any up-coming North Carolina trips? D.F. you really fooled us. F.B. has made a "brandon" on Beth. How does it feel being free now, Billy—but we're not worried about B.M. She'll come along all right! Is C.C. being put down by T.C.?—we hope not; a year's romance couldn't just fade away like that, could it Chris? F.N., we're so glad that you finally got your license. Hope J.S. realizes that you're not a baby any more, Hillsboro can really change people's lives, can't it, M.B. How does cotton-head feel about that? J.B. finally put his "mark" on Ruth. Congrats to you both. Is everybody happy?! C.N. has gotten to the "core" of things and she's the apple of his eye; and just to keep it in the family—C.C. has really paid her bill! A new world's track record was broken recently—S.D. ran the mile in 5 seconds flat—all the way to MacDonald's Burger Boy! She's a real champ.

The Warlock's Reply

At a recent slumber party on "the other side of the river" the "spirits" were high while C.P. captivated the crowd. What kind of "coffee" was in those coffee cups which M.B. and S.D. enjoyed so much? Did "Caesar" ever get the hamburger and the pie that he wanted on the way home? E.N. and the "pilot" seemed to be attracted to each other one night at the "OE" house. Is it love or will "noel" come out of it. All reports of the "CB" party were great and all I can say is "What a zoo!" Did J.H.'s grandmother think it was a "church film festival"? The song which seemed to echo from K.C.'s rambler was "Come on Mary, Ann." Wonder if "Don Juan's" lips will ever stop hurting him? I would now like to congratulate C.N. III for the fine showing of "Club Lynwood". It seems, now that football season is over, #14 has decided against the hardwood and will now try to pursue the "finer things" of life. P.C., did you enjoy the magazines at C.N.'s? How big is it, "sacha-belly"? M.T. and his "Leg" were seen entering a three "legged" race recently. One last sounding question from the Warlock is, who said, "I am not coming to the door; I will meet you at your mailbox."?

That's all the news from the hill.

ROOSTER

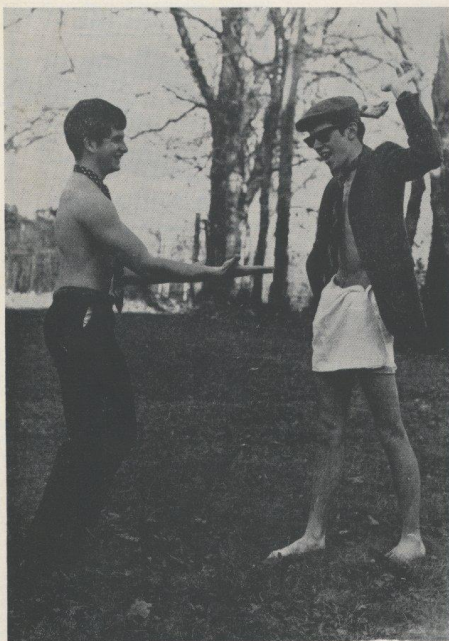


Photo by J. Campbell

Brittingham displays winning 'Joe Namath' form of skin-giving.

"Skin" Abounds on Campus

One of the finer arts being pursued on the M.B.A. campus is the technique of skin-giving. "Skin" is defined as the deliverance of felicitations through the process of hand slapping. There are many forms of "skin", the simplest of these being the "simple skin", which occurs when one person slaps with two hands palms down another person's two hands, held palms up. The next "skin", with a higher degree of difficulty and precision, is the one-handed, palm-down skin. Of course there is also the two-handed or single-handed back-hand skin, performed with the knuckles. A more complicated form of skin giving is the "behind the back skin". However, Joe "Willie" Namath may be seen performing this difficult feat with ease every Sunday afternoon.

Finally, we come to the grandfather of all skins. The "double-pants-behind-the-back-30°-angle skin." It is said that there is only one person on campus who can perform this highly complex maneuver. See if you can find him.

Below you can see rated the top ten connoisseurs in the art of skin-giving.

Skin Ratings

1. John Brittingham, (28) *
 2. Benjamin Franklin Byrd, (4) **
 3. Tim Markus, (1) ***
 4. Penn Waugh, (1) ****
 5. Bobby Sadler, (1) *****
 6. John Harlan
 7. Morris Rogers
 8. Joe Namath
 9. Steve Neff
 10. Bob Lochte
- Last Coach Sager (5.004 x 10 —14.)
Best bets: Tony Rose, Matt Snell, Zorba

() number of first place votes
* received 28 because of unbeatable form
** received 4 because of elastic arms
*** received 1 on general principles
**** received 1 for super-strength.
***** received 1 for asking Mrs. Fryer for skin.

Morning Speakers Awaken Students

Due to the tireless efforts of Mrs. Ridgway and those members of the Forensic Club, the student body this year has been blessed with an unusually fine assortment of special programs. These include:

Rev. Pat McGeachy, minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church and amateur cartoonist, cast the school in a detective role, having it solve the mystery of a dead man with a bullet wound from his abdomen to his shoulder, the only clues being a ball bearing and a pencil on the floor. Wading through such questions as "Could the pencil shoot a ball bearing?," he finally led the sleuths to the complicated solution, concluding with an analogy between this game and one's own personal life—a thought which was well received.

Mr. Hank Duvier gave a most inspiring speech on the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Mr. Duvier, a long time friend of Mr. Owen and a former MBA basketball coach, was one of the founders of the F.C.A. As a result the MBA chapter, a particularly strong one, was greatly aided in its quest for an expanded membership.

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Under the watchful eyes of Mr. Carter and Mrs. Lowry, the ship of state of the Senior Class has been safely guided over the treacherous waters of the first three months at MBA (shades of *Antigone*). But as the Odyssey of the class continues, the sirens of the mid-term exams seem to be calling them to the rocks.

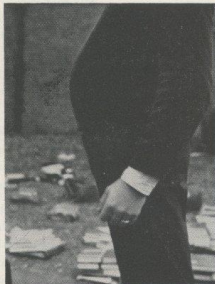
Who would have thought it? With election year fast approaching, there is of course a pl...ple... (I always have to get a running start on this word, right) plethora of political polls. The Class of '68, never one to let the grass grow under its feet, has instituted its own public opinion survey, the Crammit Poll. The Crammit Poll has concluded the following as the mid-term Senior Superlatives:

Best looking—Kinny Conser.
It was a hotly contested battle among Conser, Bob Lochte, and Mike Head for the honors; but, even though he lost the bathing suit contest, his victory was substantiated by his excellent impersonation of the atavistic kosher pickle.

Most athletic—Wade Pitts.
For two successive years he won berths on the MBA varsity football team. He has been a tremendous contributing factor to the success of the Big Red over the past two seasons, having amassed a 19-0-1 career.

Wittiest—Sandy Roth.
Here again the Crammit Poll found a closely contested race between two able candidates: Sandy and Corky Bassham. However, Bassham was conveniently nosed out by Roth, with the help of Uncle Sam.

Most intelligent—Bill Caldwell.
Contrary to beliefs that candidates Steve Neff and Russ Rose deserved this honor, the Crammit Poll unanimously decided that Bill was the most intelligent of the Senior Class. His academic achievements, especially in the fields of English and American History, have drawn scholarship offers from such institutions as Indiana School of Embalming and the Tennessee Penitentiary Barber College.

Photo by R. Smead
Belly by G. Moats

Biggest Social Lion—Penn Waugh.

This most deserving recipient was awarded this honor because of his uncanny ability to drop such witty comments at parties as "Hey, Man," "Mwaahh," "Gotta hurt," "Rrrrrr."

There were, in addition to the above recipients, the following Senior Superlative winners: Most in Love—Frank Friedman, most likely to succeed—Doug Coulter, and Biggest Point Grubber and Brown-noser—Gary Moats. (Special note to Tony Rose: sorry we couldn't fit you in this time, but we want you to know that we

don't think that Mussolini was such a bad guy).

Senior Trash
Waugh: Keep away, man! Keep away! Mmmmwaaaaaahh!
Neff: I've got my eyes on the Doc's study hall.
Mrs. L.: But there really are ghosts...

Mr. Mitchell: Meow.
Roady: No, that's on the football field; in English Class, Mrs. Lowry's the quarterback.
T. Rose: But I'm the parking commission!
Bond: Calculus really is fun.
Byrd: Cripple that and run it by me again.

Harlan: I think that wars, riots, diseases, A.P. History and other acts of violence are disgusting.
Schulman: "Pride goeth before the fall."

Final Thoughts: Always remember to keep away from sun lamps—they're evil. Also remember that *evil* spelled backwards is *live*, and *sex* spelled backwards is *yes* (give or take a few letters).

Little Richie and the Whir

The Juniors Bored

By the time this article is printed, if the new Junior Class Bulletin Board has not offended somebody, then its creators will seriously consider discontinuing it. Born out of last year's famed "Thought for the Day" (which, by the way, was banned a month after it started) this bulletin board is run by the members of the W.B.U. (actual name known to members only), with the invaluable aid of the Pre-dawn Leftist.

The purpose of the board is to make the students "think" about what they read. Often, this is achieved on the theory that to get someone's attention, you have to "shake 'em up a little" first. The board includes such features as the Thought for the Day, editorials, political cartoons, and other such nonsense. The board appears daily in Mr. Poston's room.

The editors sincerely hope that their board will be a success. But it can only work if the students themselves participate by at least reading the monstrosity. Any contributions may be turned in to members of the W.B.U., who reserve the right to censor any material that goes onto the board.

Note: Any contributions which are written on a "full sheet of paper" will be immediately discarded.

The junior class is very proud of its 21 members of the State Championship football team. We hope that they can lead MBA to the same success next season. The athletic prowess of the 11th grade can also be seen in this year's varsity basketball and wrestling squads. Jeff Peoples, Barry Holt, Teddy McNabb, Bill Husband, Bruce Jones, Charley Tygard, and Barry Banker will play on the varsity basketball team. There are only three seniors on the squad, so Coach Bennet will have to depend on his juniors to lead MBA to a successful record. The wrestling team will also consist primarily of juniors. Clyde Smith, Brett Kirkpatrick, Wade Martin, Bill Davenport, and Bud Curtis, all having had more than two years of wrestling experience, should provide the nucleus for a solid squad. Tom Moss and new junior Mart Nunnely will also wrestle this year. We wish Mart luck in his wrestling, and we hope that he enjoys his future days at MBA.

And now some junior sayings heard on the Hill.
Holt: I'll give the kid a break.
Dubie: Nobody understands me.
Magruder: Charge fellow brothers!
Walker: It was just a joke.
Coppie: Mr. Poston, how much are those paperclips?

Cunningham: Look Jim, a soldier of Christ.
Apffel: Too bad, Pope.

—The Pre-Dawn Leftist is everywhere.

Special event: Christmas Eve there will be a mob lynching of the Pre-Dawn Leftist in Mr. Poston's room. All members of the Junior Class wishing to attend, write your name on a dirty half-sheet of paper and show up at 11 P.M. with torch and rope. It's bound to be the social hot spot of the evening.

This issue's couple of the month: Vernon Vix and Phyllis Diller.

Service Club Sponsors Cinema

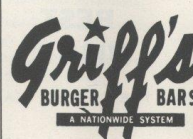
Recently, the MBA Service Club held its annual membership elections. Based on a true interest in serving the school, nine boys from the three upper grades were elected into the club: sophomores Billy Frist, Blair Wilson, Jay Ramsey, and Ed White; juniors Gordon Peerman, Duke Rose, and Barry Holt; and seniors Aaron Brown, and Nicky Burkhalter. These officers were also elected: president, Chris Riddell; vice-president, Mike Tidwell; and secretary-treasurer, Larry Herbert.

In addition to their regular duties, such as collecting money and tickets at the basketball games, the Service Club has undertaken several new projects. Beginning on November 14, it has been sponsoring movies in the Wallace Hall on Friday nights. The first movie, *We're No Angels*, starred Humphrey Bogart and was a great success, netting over \$50. The second movie, *Joy in the Morning*, starring Richard Chamberlain and Yvette Mimieux, netted slightly less.

Recently the school bought eight new redwood benches, and the Service Club immediately stepped forth *en masse* to volunteer to do the job of sanding and finishing the new additions to the campus. *Semper Parvula*, the Service Club continues to serve our school.

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Sophomore Insights

Elizabethan Drive, tagged "The Bourbon Street of Nashville," is still being terrorized by racketeers such as J. "Pine Cone" Callaway and his gang. Police must bring this center of crime, violence, and vice under control.

You would think with all the pie Fred Guttman eats he could have gotten more than three pieces in the last year.

Dick Cumming's effort to bring "Hush Puppies" in style this year has been an utter failure.

To all the boys who drop things in chem. phys. class: be very careful!

Edward Voorhees announces the release of his new secret-agent thriller movie in which he stars, entitled "Butterball."

Biff Ewers has been appointed Senior Patrol Leader of his boy scout troop.

Scientists have finally proven, after all these years of controversy: Edwin Milam sweats!

The new officers of the Flower-Collecting Club have finally been chosen: Ed White, president; Steve Burkhalter, vice-president; and Marshall Trammell, treasurer.

David Toma claims he recently got a haircut. As to which one, nobody knows.

Speaking of hair, Jim Callaway has offered a five-dollar reward to anyone who can mess up his.

Wart, Feab, and Squirrel

Aronson's Serenade . . .

(Continued from page 1)

plewood (October 14); Murray, career was performing at the American Pavilion of the Brussels World's Fair.

Back in the United States, Penny continued the study of guitar with an extraordinarily talented teacher named Joe Aronson.

Penny now plays the mandolin and accordion, writes most of their musical arrangements and introduces traditional dance movements into some of their more rhythmic ethnic numbers.

A feature of their act is the Schnitzelbank. While Penny plays the accordion, Joe takes the pictures from an easel one by one, sings about them with the audience joining in, then hands each one to a different volunteer from the audience until they are all in full view and the audience is singing about all ten. The pictures are caricatures of prominent Americans and world personalities.

Although this endeavor was of an experimental nature, and could hardly be termed a financial success, all those who attended must admit that this program was an invigorating, and cultural experience.

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The MBA drinking fountain.

Photo by J. Campbell
Bottle by R. Smead

with Edwin Milam, the regular accompanist, to form a light combo with piano, bass, and drums. They definitely made the two popular songs more interesting, adding extra rhythm and harmony to the music, and increasing the variety of the program.

The growth of the chorus has been particularly noteworthy since its beginning three years ago. Although, the "Evening with Leonard Bernstein" last spring was the highlight of its accomplishments, to that point, the group promises an even greater season this year. Advancing from the past two year's forty members, the MBA music program, under the auspices of Mr. Colson, has grown into a sixty-member choir, composed of twenty-member treble and alto chorus, and of a tenor and bass section of forty boys.

Its progress seems to be cumulative over the years both in growth and in musical ability. This year, Mr. Colson was able to prepare the chorus for its first and finest performance in a brief two months. Traditionally, the Christmas program has been the first appearance of the group.

With performances such as the one last month, the student body is finally realizing the value of a music program at MBA and is accepting the Chorus as a necessary and entertaining addition to the school's other activities. To the boys in the chorus, a congratulations certainly is to be extended for a very fine musical performance, as well as for all the work, time, patience, and talent exerted to present so fine a program so well.

Orators Speak . . .

(Continued from page 1)

Kentucky (December 2); and Castle Heights. Notable victories in these contests included the following: In Clarksville, Billy Frist and Deaver Collins won first place in negative debate, while Ricky Levy and Bruce Crabtree won first in affirmative. At Maplewood High School, the affirmative team of Rose and Neff won first place, although Madison abducted the trophy that they earned.

To summarize, it must again be stated that under the guidance of the active and dynamic leadership of its present officers, the Forensic Club has gotten into what seems to be an unbreakable habit of winning whenever challenged. Numerous attempts have been made to subvert it; for instance, in Memphis, when a group of enemy agents broke into the motel rooms occupied by MBA and threw an illicit and unauthorized beer party. However, with the spiritual and moral guidance of Selma Ridgway ever at hand, the Forensic Club has managed to surmount all obstacles in sight.

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Speaking of Sports

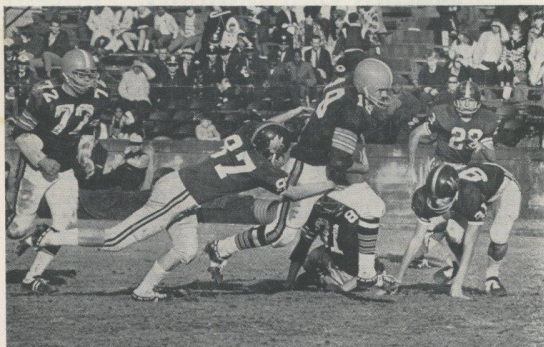
By Mike Tidwell

There is nothing I or any other writer can say to surpass or even to glorify the uncontentionable fact that MBA's Big Red is the Tennessee State Champion. Having been chosen by all major polls for the title, MBA has completed its first perfect season since 1948. This fact and many others are well-known to most fans, but what the spectators never know are the facts concerning the making of a championship team.

For the players, if not for the followers, the season begins in the first week of August. Every day, twice a day, the team goes through countless drills designed to develop agility, speed, and stamina; plays are memorized and practiced monotonously until they can be done without thinking; meetings are called and films closely studied. In short, the coaches and players do everything they conceivably can to make the team the best it can possibly be. On the day of the first game, nerves are unbelievably tight and the knowledge that "This is it," rests on everyone's mind.

All this hard work unfortunately is not without casualties: this season the team lost three of its members through injury. The first to go was tackle Tom Summers, first with a broken arm, then an injured knee. Next, junior quarterback Peter Power was lost for the season with a knee injury sustained in the Glendiff game. Last, monster-man Dave Alexander broke his arm in the Homecoming game, an injury serious enough to require surgery. Almost every member of the squad was at some time nursing an injury; but despite these aches, no one ever quit or even considered it. The trials of football are many, but the rewards make it all worth while.

Many separate players of the team also received individual honors. Co-captains Tom Roady and Sandy Haury were both selected to the All-Nashville and All-Metro teams, while tackle Mike Denson also won a berth on the latter team. Sandy received more honors by being named All-State by both the AP and UPI Polls, as well as to the Coaches' All-State team. Various other team honors went to the following boys: Chris Riddell, selected Best Blocker; Mike Denson, most tackles; Sandy Haury, Best Tackler; Mike Tidwell, the Coaches' Award; and Jack Weil, the Manager's Award. In addition to their other recognition, Bill Husband and Mike Denson were chosen as co-captains for the 1968 Big Red. Finally, Coach Tommy Owen, the man who made it all possible, was voted the Western Division Coach of the Year by the Downtown Optimist Club. For all members of the now-legendary 1967 Big Red goes the knowledge that they were undeniably number one, a thought worth all the work and all the anxieties of a long, grueling football season.



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MBA 39—Springfield 14

In the biggest game of the year for the Big Red up to that point, the entire team really came to play. With an excellent chance to narrow in on the state championship, MBA proved without a doubt that it was the best football team in the state. After having the game postponed due to rain, the Big Red put on its finest performance November 4.

The Big Red was ignited by a seventy-yard drive midway through the first quarter, climaxed by a seven yard toss from Tom Roady to Jeff Peeples. After some tremendous defensive efforts from both teams, the game was opened up by a sixty-one-yard punt return by Tommy Roady. Roady and Peeples combined again on a twenty-yard toss to end the scoring in the first half with the score MBA 20-Springfield 0.

The hard-hitting Yellow Jackets, however, never gave up. A sixty-five-yard drive and an eight-yard run by Mike Kriesle resulted in a Springfield touchdown. The Big Red, nevertheless, again came to the call when Mike Tidwell caught Roady's third touchdown pass. Gaining momentum, MBA scored again on another Roady-to-Peeples pass. This opportunity was made possible when Steve Burkhalter recovered a Jacket fumble. One more touchdown was added to the Big Red total when Bobby Sadler made a fine catch on a deflected pass thrown by Jeff Peeples.

Even though Roady and Peeples played their finest games of the season, a great deal of credit for the victory should go to the defensive front line, which is composed of Jack Weil, Mike Denson, Sandy Haury, Steve Burkhalter and Penn Waugh.

MBA 39—Hillwood 6

On Friday night, October 27, the undefeated Big Red traveled to Hillwood for the battle of the two neighboring schools. The Red rolled to its seventh victory of the season 39-6; and, by doing so, seized an invitation to the annual Clinic Bowl.

Quarterbacks Tom Roady and Jeff Peeples combined for one hundred fifty-six yards in the air as Roady tossed two scoring passes. The Big Red, however, was stalled for the initial twenty-two minutes of the game until Barry Banker led a three-touchdown charge in the late moments of the first half. First, Bill Husband went one yard for the first MBA touchdown after a Hillwood fumble had given the Red the ball on the Topper twenty. Moments later after an attempted fake punt, MBA took over again on the Hillwood twenty. On the first play from scrimmage, Roady hit Banker for the second Maroon touchdown. Then, with only two seconds remaining in the half, Banker intercepted a Topper pass and sprinted fifty yards to give the Big Red a 19-0 half-time advantage.

Mike Tidwell turned in seventy yards as the game's leading rusher as the Clinic Bowl-bound Big Red moved one step closer to the state championship.

MBA 46—Antioch 6

On November 10, 1967, MBA rolled over Antioch 46-6, ending the regular season with a 9-0 record and giving coach Tommy Owen his one hundredth victory. The Big Red shined on offense with Bill Husband scoring three times on runs of 18, 10, and 6 yards. Mike Tidwell tallied twice on runs of 12 and 8 yards. The NIL's Most Valuable Player, Tom Roady, led the team from a slow start to a 21-0 margin at halftime, and from then on the game was all M.B.A.'s. The Maroon defense sparkled, allowing less than 100 yards to Antioch. Duke Rose ran an intercepted pass back 70 yards for a touchdown. The lone Antioch score came on a freak 50 yard run after an M.B.A. fumble. Fine defensive work was also turned in by Steve Burkhalter, Sandy Haury, and Mike Denson. The powerful and balanced Big Red attack led to a smashing success, tightening M.B.A.'s grip on the state championship.



Courtesy of Nashville Tennessean

The breakthrough



Photo by R. Smead

Referee squares off at "Twinkle Toes" Husband.

J. V. Football

Although the J. V.'s record was only 1-3, the last game of the season culminated a spirited rise in the caliber of the '37 Red J.V. Three J.V. games were cancelled at the last moment. Otherwise the record would have been improved.

After two rained-out games, the J.V. met Franklin at M.B.A. to open the season. Following a rough first half, M.B.A.'s defense rallied, never allowing Franklin to penetrate past the 30 yard line after intermission. However, the Big Red J.V. offense could push the ball over for a score only once as Franklin won 26-7.

Several key players were lost due to injuries at this point in the season and though M.B.A. fought determined battles, they were overwhelmed by powerful Overton and Glenciff teams.

Hillwood's J.V. had beaten Franklin and Overton, so followers of the J.V. had little hope for a win at Hillwood. However, the players wanted this game badly. Playing on the varsity practice field in rain and mud, the J.V. overwhelmed Hillwood and won 13-0. This game brought forth stellar efforts from Mike Simon, Mac Pirkle, and Kenny Johnson. The line repeatedly bowled over their adversaries in the Green and White. Other J.V. standouts throughout the year were Mike Regen, Maury Tidwell, Hugh Cunningham, Jay Ramsey, and Bill Floyd.

Microbe Sports

Intramural football came to a roaring finish the Monday after the Clinic Bowl with a duel between the hard hitting Lions, with Ernie Leonard doing the heavy duties, and Fish's Blue Gills. John Fish and Rip Trammell put together a scoring drive late in the first half to win for the Blue Gills, 7-0. The final standings were the Fish's Blue Gills in first place, Holcomb's Hobbits in second, Leonard's Lions in third place, and Carpenter's Nails in a tie with Justice's Clippers for the coveted last place.

This season's microbe basketball team is expected to field a strong team with big Ernie Leonard probably starting at center. The two coaches are Mr. Alexander and Tony Grant, who led the microbe football team to a winning season with victories over BGA, St. Anne's, Burns, and Ensworth, marred only by a close loss to St. Henry's.

The microbe wrestling squad opened its season against Donelson December 18. Coach Swan, well qualified for the job, worked hard to prepare the squad for that match and for future ones.

Good luck, all microbes!

Freshman Football

On November 12, the MBA Freshmen went to Glenciff to play Wright Junior High School. Before the game, Wright and the Frosh were an even pick. The little Red, however, proved no match for the larger Wright boys. Wright pounded the Frosh defense again and again. As the game ended, the score was Wright 42, MBA 6.

The scene was repeated on a cold muddy day the next week at Hillwood, when the Frosh took on the Toppers. The final score was, 57-6 in favor of Hillwood. Everything imaginable in football happened to the freshmen, while the substitutes sat on the bench and discussed their other affairs. What support! Hillwood ran up and down the field all day. The only bright spot of this game came when Bob Hazlehurst hit Steve Brown on a thirty yard touchdown pass.

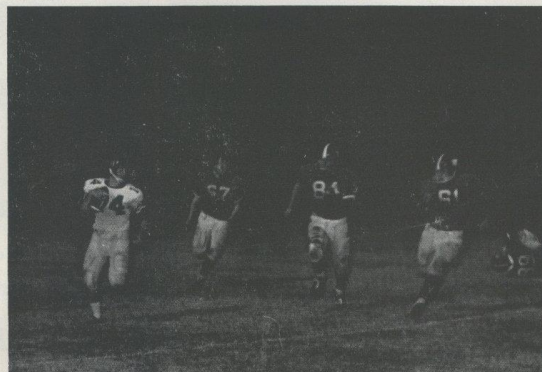


Photo by R. Smead

Out of the night races Tom Roady, hotly pursued by three Antioch phantoms.

Grapplers down Glenciff

"Canvas back, rubber sweat suits, broken scales, dirty mats, and sweat, sweat, sweat." Thus proceeds a day in the life of an MBA wrestler. The wrestling team, long known for its outstanding achievements, has started this season in rare form. Off to a slow start because of the unusually long football season, co-captains John Harlan and Jimmy Porter quickly whipped the team into shape in time for its first match against Glenciff, December 8, at MBA.

The Colts, perennial rivals of all MBA sports teams, were looking forward to their first win as a new squad. The maroon grapplers quickly thwarted all hopes of such success. Ninety-five pounder Bill Knox, first-year man, having terrorized his opponent with his flaming red hair, received a forfeit, earning five points for the team.

Bill Anderson, another first year man, did not fare so well as his opponent pinned him in the second period. Undaunted, Deaver Collins and Jimmy Porter each made short work of their opponents, registering pins in the first and second periods, respectively.

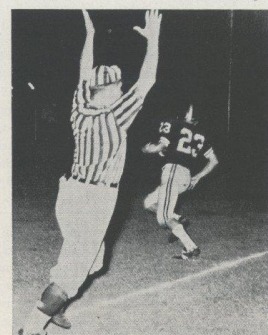


Photo by R. Smead

The Racket Swings

On November 4, the M.B.A. tennis team made its annual migration to Chattanooga for matches with Baylor and McCallie. As usual, the results were split with the racketeers being victorious over McCallie while losing to Baylor, last year's national champion. This was the first trip for the new tennis coach, Mr. Dave Anderson, who has demonstrated his ability as a coach by working with the team all fall to get them in shape for the trip. Other events this fall included matches against the Nashville Tennis Club, David Lipscomb College, and the Vanderbilt Varsity.

Of the twelve boys who went to Chattanooga, special recognition goes to Lenny Kestenbaum as the only player to win his match against Baylor; to Charlie Nelson for his hard-fought victory; and to Henry Walker for his upset win at McCallie.

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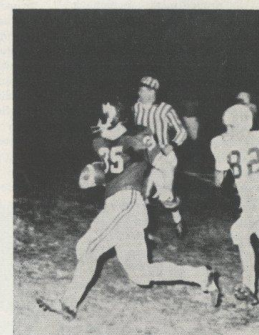
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Photo by R. Smead

Brown looks on as Tidwell buries hatchet.

Brown, Tidwell— MBA Hatchet Men

"Boy, I just made a zero on that test," "That was the worst theme I've ever written!" "I'll bet I didn't break 300 on that college board." From whose lips can such optimism be heard constantly flowing? The most obvious answer is of the course the articulate Penn Waugh, but unfortunately that answer is wrong; another possible candidate is naturally Jack Weil, overheard doing his faultless imitation of Penn, but that answer is even more wrong. The correct, though paradoxically unlikely, answer is the affable, easy-going boy from East Junior High, Aaron Brown.

Aaron, the very incarnation of Mr. W. Shakespeare's statement that "lowliness is young ambition's ladder," has become almost legendary in practically every school activity from skin-giving to college boards (a 799 and 800 to his credit so far). In scholarship, athletics, publications, and losing elections he has proved most conspicuous.

In the scholastic field, he was awarded the biology medal his sophomore year and the chemistry medal his junior year. He plans to continue his study of the sciences at either Vanderbilt or Duke in his college career. Aaron has participated two times in both the State Math and State French Contests, while this year, he was named one of MBA's National Merit Semi-finalists.

He has been instrumental as a lineman in leading two MBA varsity football teams to NIL championships, and this year's Big Red to the State Championship.

In publications, Aaron again has applied his intelligence and creativity: he is associate editor of the *Bell Ringer* and assistant editor of the *Bell*. He has also had what must be the unprecedented distinction of receiving awards for outstanding citizenship both of his years on the Hill: he was named the most outstanding boy in his Sophomore Class and, the following year, was presented with the Sewanee Award for Honor, Loyalty, and Integrity.

In student government, Aaron has compiled a most remarkable record of election losses, conservative estimates running at about a baker's dozen. This year, he disappointed his followers and broke this magnificent streak by winning the vice-presidency of the Honor Council.

It is strongly suspected, though, that behind the facade of friendliness and success there lurks another Aaron Brown. Evidence for this suspicion is very strong. First,

it obviously took a superior mind to organize the narcotics ring at East High School, a ring only broken up after the "brains" of the operation had left for MBA. The slippery Brown also managed to elude the police since his daring grocery store robbery in Dixon, Tennessee. Although apprehended, he has somehow managed to change the color of the getaway car to escape conviction. This sly, shifty-eyed, devilish, inner Aaron Brown has kept out of the grips of the Metro Police, too, but we of the *Bell Ringer* know who the evil genius is who is masterminding the current high school arson rampage.

Mike Tidwell came to MBA in October of his freshman year, from North Fulton High School in Atlanta. Since that time, Mike has demonstrated his prowess in scholarship, athletics, and leadership. He is noted for his ability to overcome all obstacles, probably because all obstacles are either charmed by his good nature or cringe at the sight of him. Whatever the case, Mike is undoubtedly one of the most outstanding members of an impressive Senior Class.

As a freshman, Mike actually started for the frosh football team, despite the fact that he entered MBA late in the season. Elected secretary of his Sophomore Class, he also became a varsity football letterman. In that year, he was voted Most Valuable Player for his performance in the hard-fought Ryan game. In addition to this success, Mike lettered on the varsity track team as a hurdler.

During his junior year, he played an important role on the NIL Championship Team, although a knee injury caused him to miss the Clinic Bowl victory. Mike was an Honor Council representative for his Junior Class, and, that same year, was selected for membership in the Service Club. He earned his second varsity track letter and won the Modern History medal at the MBA's one hundredth Annual Commencement.

This year, Mike is secretary of the Senior Class. His achievements on the football field, which earned him the honor of membership on both the All-Metro and All-Nashville third teams, helped guide MBA to the 1967 State Championship.

Scholastically, Mike is presently a standout in both AP English and AP History courses, being especially noted for having ingra-

tiated himself to Mary Helen Lowry.

A member of Crieve Hall Methodist Church, Mike is vice-president of the Service Club. In outside activities, Mike is the former Junior Officer of Delta Sigma Fraternity, which he currently serves as pledgemaster. He is also Sports Editor of the *Bell Ringer*.

His reputation among women is also a most enviable one, Melvin being something of a cross between Prince Galant and James Bond. His unflinching love for Margo Hines is by now world-famous.

Mike is known to football players as "Melvin," and to the second period study hall as the "Crimson terror;" he is best described, however, as the Spirit of MBA.

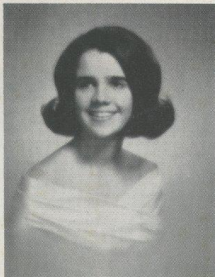


Photo by R. Smead

The Belle

Contrary to popular belief, the luckiest girl under the sun is not Lady Bird Johnson, Miss America, or even a Lady Clairol blonde; rather it is the girl friend of the amorous and debonaire Mike Tidwell. And Margo Hines, this issue's Belle, is certainly worthy of this signal honor.

Margo, already familiar to all MBA boys as one of the Big Red cheerleaders, came to St. Cecilia Academy her freshman year from St. Henry's. Her career at St. Cecilia has been landmarked by a number of triumphs, both inside and outside the classroom. She has served the St. Cecilia newspaper, both as a reporter and as a member of the business staff.

In student government, she has also proved herself outstanding, having served her junior year as Student Council representative; presently, she is president of the Student Council and of the student body at St. Cecilia.

Fortunately, however, not all of her interests in MBA have centered around Number Thirty-five. She has found time, first in her sophomore, then her senior year, to wait tables at the MBA Spaghetti Supper. At this season's Homecoming, she served as an attendant to the queen.

Margo's successes extend to the scholastic fields as well, although in a different sort of way: few people have proved themselves so adept at avoiding the drudgery and dogmatism inevitably involved in what is popularly called the "learning process." She has become effectively invulnerable to the stuffy, day-to-day nuisance involved in school. She does most of her learning from Professor M. G. Tidwell.

Outside of both St. Cecilia and MBA, Margo is very active in Kappa Delta Theta Sorority, of which she is now vice-president and pledgemistress.

The prosaic cataloguing of Margo's innumerable triumphs, however, waxes pale indeed beside Melvin's concise, objective summary of her character: "... fabulous, great, wonderful, superb, perfect..." Alongside such tribute, it would be meaningless to reiterate that Margo's appearance in



Photo by R. Smead

Madame Vest (on tiptoes) and rival...

French Fullies:

Une Belle Francaise

In its continuing effort to attract and maintain an efficient and commandable teaching staff, MBA was honored this year by the addition of Madame Jacqueline Vest to its faculty. French students on the Hill have found it helpful and inspiring to be taught by a teacher who was born and raised in France. In addition to her mastery of the French language, Madame Vest gives her classes an inside glimpse of the customs, ideas, and life of her native country.

Born in Tours, France, where she lived until 1961, Madame Vest attended high school (lycée) at St. Jean d'Angely where she began her study of the English Language. Having graduated from the University of Poitiers, with seven years of English study she came to the United States and made Birmingham, Alabama her new home. Madame Vest continued her study of English at Birmingham Southern University and taught French for three years at a Birmingham high school. After visiting her family in France this past summer, Madame Vest, her husband, and their 17 month old child moved to Nashville, where she acquired her present position at MBA.

Madame Vest finds the pep rallies before the football games and the school spirit the most striking aspect of MBA. In France, little emphasis is placed on athletics or school spirit, she has commented. During the first pep rally of the year, she admitted feeling a little panicky. With experience, however, she soon became accustomed to and even enjoyed the enthusiasm of the student body.

Another difference between MBA and the French schools, Madame Vest has recognized, is the familiar relation between the student and teacher. She feels communication is more easily accomplished on this personal level than on the very formal level practiced in the French schools.

Madame Vest when not on the Hill or "overfloated" with test papers, spends her time with her husband and child. Both she and her husband take great interest in music, and her enthusiasm continuing into the field of art, which she has studied in both France and the United States.

Her son is getting an early start in what so many of the students on the Hill are now attempting: the mastery of both the English and the French languages. Since Madame Vest likes the United States and its way of life, her future plans are to remain in the country.

Those of us on the Hill who have been fortunate enough to study under Madame Vest will always appreciate this opportunity to acquire a true knowledge of the French way of life as well as the French language. For these reasons, MBA is honored by the acquisition of such a fine, experienced teacher who is contributing so greatly to the development of both the school and the student body.

Life & Casualty
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this column is an honor for the *Bell Ringer*. Suffice it to say that Mike Tidwell is the happiest boy around, and Margo Hines the luckiest girl—that is more rewarding than anything our humble *Bell Ringer* can offer.